

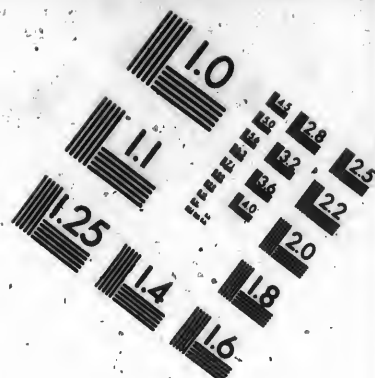
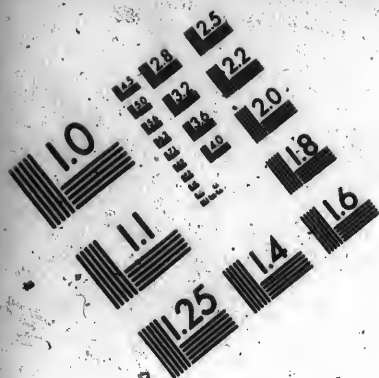
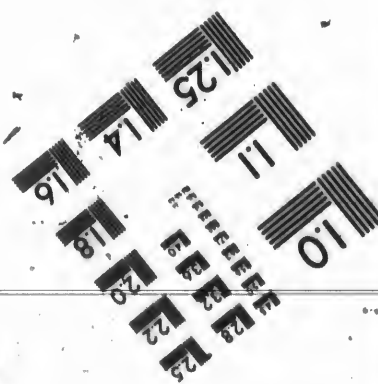
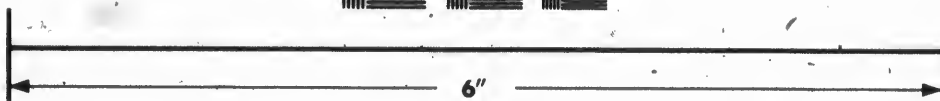
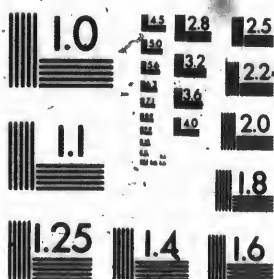


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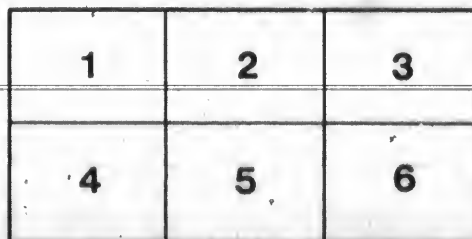
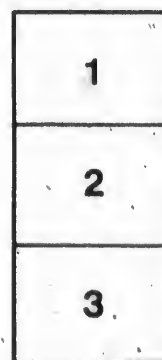
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Of your charity, pray for the soul of His Grace,

MOST REV. F. N. BLANCHET, D.

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF OREGON

and

ADMINISTRATOR APOSTOLIO OF IDAHO.

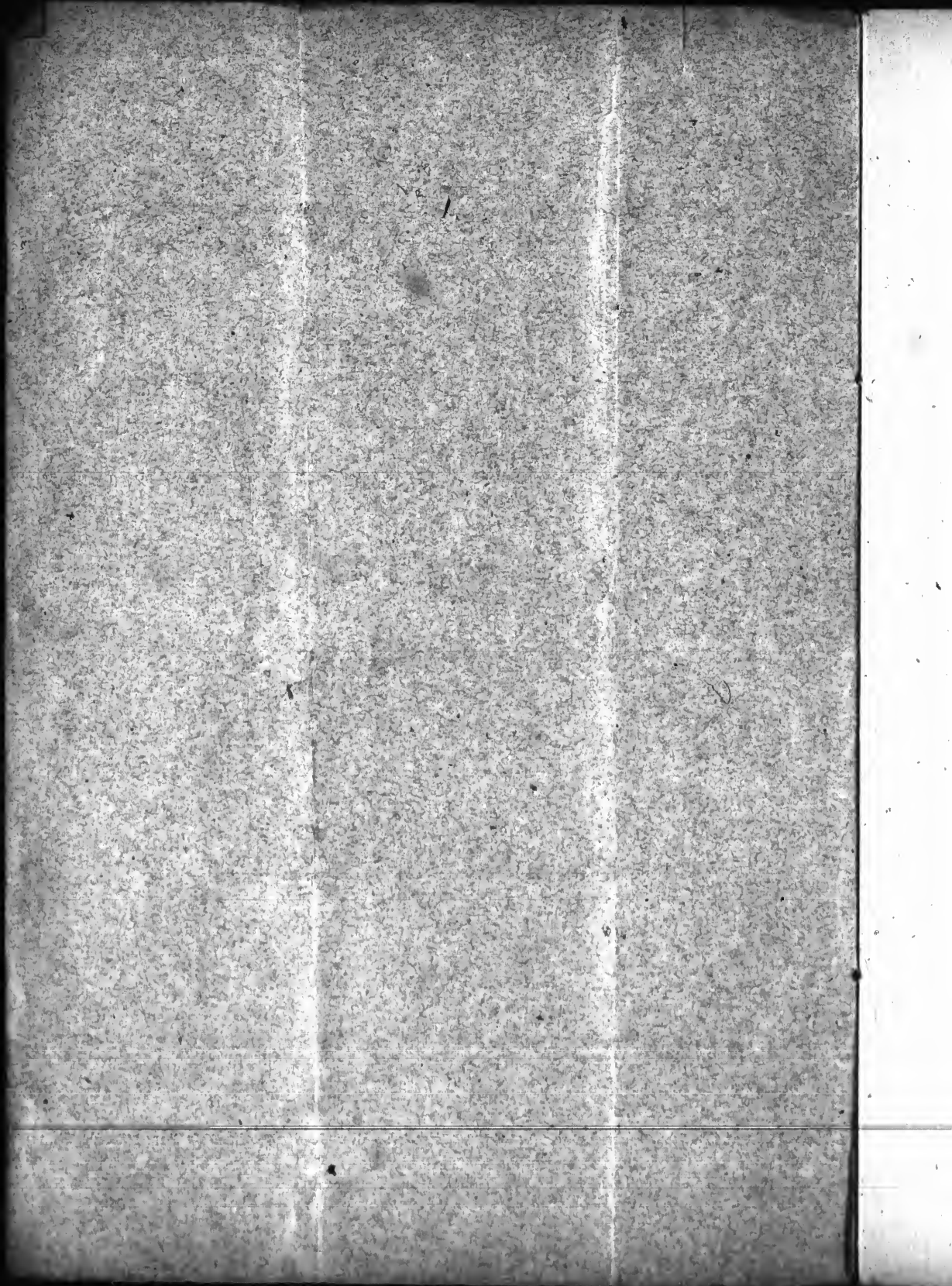


Born September 3, 1795,

Died June 18, 1883,



"Requiescat in Pace."





The Most Reverend Francis Norbert Blanchet, D. D.,
FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF OREGON AND ADMINISTRATOR APOSTOLIC OF IDAHO.

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THE LIFE AND LABORS
OF HIS GRACE
Most. Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, D. D.,
—TOGETHER WITH—
FUNERAL SERMONS—
—BY—
Most Rev. Charles J. Seghers, D. D.,
—AND—
FINAL OBSEQUIES OF THE PATRIARCH OF THE NORTHWEST
AS PUBLISHED IN THE
CATHOLIC SENTINEL,
OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

"Thus did this man die, leaving not only to young men, but also to the whole nation, the memory of his death for an example of virtue and fortitude."—2. Mach., 6—31.

On Monday evening last the bell of the Cathedral tolled out the sad news of the death of Most Rev. F. N. Blanchet, D. D., pioneer priest, first Bishop, and finally the first Archbishop of this Northwest. At ten minutes to six o'clock in the evening of June 18, 1883, with a model Christian spirit, he surrendered his soul to his Maker. Notwithstanding his death was expected hourly, a mournful feeling pervaded the Catholic community and acquaintances, upon the announcement. Yet the mournfulness was softened by the firm belief that a

venerable Patriarch had ~~gone~~ to enjoy the reward of the just. He passed away painlessly, after a long life of usefulness and great benignity, the larger part of which had been spent in Oregon.

On the 24th of April last, in view of the end which was too surely approaching, he received the last sacrament from the hands of his coadjutor and successor, Archbishop Chas. J. Seghers. Every one interested in the history of the introduction of civilization, blended with Christianity, among the natives of this region, and the pioneers, must recognize the labors, the trial and the disinterested heroism displayed by our venerable deceased pioneer of the Cross. Imbued with a heaven-born faith, armed

with no weapon save the sign of man's redemption, and bearing aloft the Cross, he penetrated the wiles west of the Rocky mountains, in search of lost sheep to reclaim them to the true fold. A missionary hero, carrying the gospel of the Most High to unknown beings, prompted by a spirit from above, he was the herald of the King of kings among strange and uncivilized natives. Unlike the hero of the world, who displays his valor for worldly glory alone, this missionary of the Cross was animated by the noblest aspiration that can illuminate the soul—the hope of enjoying with God the eternal reward promised those who sow the seed of Faith among those who are without the knowledge of the true God. May he reap the reward sought. Pious readers of the SENTINEL will not be forgetful of the venerable deceased Archbishop, who departed this life at the age of 87 years, nine months and fifteen days.

Biography of Mt. Rev. Archbishop Blanchet.

The Most Rev. F. N. Blanchet, D. D., was born at St. Pierre, Riviere-du-Sud, Québec, Canada, September 3, 1795; was educated in the Petit Seminaire, Québec, and was ordained July 18, 1819, by Archbishop Plessis. At that time Oregon was simply the name given to a territory extending along the Pacific coast from latitude 42 degrees to 54 degrees 40 minutes N., until finally in 1846, the year of the accession of Pius IX. to the see of Peter, all the territory south of the 49th parallel was ceded to the United States. It was not till 1859 that Oregon was received as a State into the Union.

In 1811 the Pacific Fur Company, of which John Jacob Astor, a furrier, and the founder of the New York house of Astor, was a leading member, established a trading-post, called Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river. After came the Hudson's Bay Company, employing many Canadians, most of whom were

Catholics. Many of them settled and intermarried with the Indians of the territory, and with these there was a demand for Catholic priests and Catholic worship.

Application was first made to the Right Rev. J. N. Provencher, Bishop of Juliopolis (Red river). The demand for Catholic priests was earnestly endorsed by Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, writing from the British capital (1838). He applied to the Most Rev. Joseph Signay, then Archbishop of Quebec. At once, in April, 1838, Bishop Signay instructed two of his missionaries, the Very Rev. F. N. Blanchet and the Rev. Modeste Demers, to take charge of the mission "situated between the Pacific ocean and the Rocky mountains"—a mighty charge for two men; but the men were apostles, and, therefore, as full of practical zeal as of practical faith. Father Blanchet was vicar-general, with Father Demers as assistant.

The journey of the devoted missionaries to their new home was a long and laborious one, familiar enough in early Catholic American history, though almost incomprehensible to us in these days of rapid and easy transit. They labored on their route, baptizing and confirming in the faith many Indians, who at various forts thronged to meet the long-looked-for *black-gowns*. Their destination was Fort Vancouver, which they reached November 24, 1838.

Vancouver was at this time the principal fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, and this the missionaries made their headquarters while for four years they toiled unaided up and down the wide domain of their mission. The letters of the fathers, describing their work and surroundings, are full of interest and afford valuable material for history. They learned the Indian tongue and taught the natives the simple prayers and doctrines of the Church in their own language; Father Demers attending more to the Indians, and Father Blanchet to the Canadians. Some important conversions were made among the officers of the company, the chief of these being Dr. John McLoughlin, the governor of the company's establishments (1842), whom, for his services to the Church Pope Gregory

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XVI, afterwards made a knight of the order of St. Gregory the Great.

Father De Smet visited the Rocky mountains in 1840. He left, and returned in 1841 to found the Flathead mission of St. Mary. In September, 1842, two Canadian priests, the Canadian priests, the Revs. A. Langlois and J. B. Z. Bolduc, reached Oregon to assist their worn-out brethren. As an instance of their labor and its fruits, the following item, of many such sent to Quebec, will suffice: "From March, 1840, to March, 1841, were performed: baptisms, 510; marriages, 12; burials, 11; communions, 60; one abjuration at St. Paul. * * * Of the 510 baptisms, about 410 were Indians, 100 whites; 40 adults." On October 17, 1843, St. Joseph's College, at St. Paul, was founded, with the Rev. A. Langlois as director. There entered at once thirty boarders, all sons of farmers, save one Indian boy, the son of a chief. A building was also prepared for the reception of the sisters who were expected to arrive with Father De Smet.

With the rapid growth of the missions the Holy See, at the request of the Bishops of Quebec and Baltimore, erected Oregon into a vicariate-apostolic (December 1, 1843), appointing Father Blanchet its vicar-apostolic, he receiving the briefs on November 4, 1844. In August, 1844, Father De Smet arrived from Belgium, together with six Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, four Jesuit fathers and some lay brothers, to assist in the work of the mission. The Papal briefs arrived on November 4, and Father Blanchet, setting out for Canada, received his consecration in Montreal at the hands of the Bishop of Montreal, Right Rev. Ignatius Bourget. Thence he went to Rome, which he reached in January, 1846, and set before the Pope the great wants of his vicariate.

At his intercession, in July, 1846, after the accession of Pius IX., the vicariate of Oregon was erected into an ecclesiastical province, with the three sees of Oregon City, Walla Walla (now Wallula) and Vancouver's Island. The Right Rev. F. N. Blanchet was appointed to Oregon City; the Right Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet, his brother, to Walla Walla, and the Right Rev. M. Demers to Vancouver's

Island. The necessity of this division may be judged from the result of the missionaries' labors at the end of 1844. Most of the Indian tribes of the Sound, Caledonia, and several of the Rocky mountains, and of Lower Oregon, had been won to the faith. Nine missions had been founded: five in Lower Oregon and four at the Rocky mountains. Eleven churches and chapels had been erected: five in Lower Oregon, two in Caledonia and four at the Rocky mountains. There were two educational establishments—one for boys and the other for girls. There were fifteen priests, secular and regular, besides the sisters. These figures may not look large to-day, but they were large at the time and of great significance in a rapidly populating and growing region.

Meanwhile the Archbishop of Oregon City had been very active abroad in aid of his new province and its dioceses. He sought help on all sides, and returned in August, 1847, accompanied by a colony of twenty persons, comprising seven sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, three Jesuit Fathers, three lay brothers, five secular priests, two deacons and one cleric. The Bishop of Walla Walla was consecrated September 27, 1846, and entered on his charge in the following year, taking with him six priests, four of them Fathers O. M. I., and one deacon. The Bishop of Vancouver's Island was consecrated in 1847, and entered on his charge the same year. With the arrivals from France and Canada the ecclesiastical province in the fall of 1847 had three bishops, fourteen Jesuit fathers, four Oblate fathers of Mary Immaculate, thirteen secular priests, thirteen sisters, and two educational establishments.

The first Provincial Council of Oregon City was held at the end of February, 1848, the three bishops assisting. Each then departed to his diocese, the Archbishop beginning with ten secular priests, two Jesuit fathers, thirteen sisters of Notre Dame de Namur; the Bishop of Walla Walla, with three secular priests, four fathers O. M. I., and twelve Jesuit fathers at the Rocky mountains; while the Bishop of Vancouver's Island, not having a single priest, departed for Europe, and,

after visiting Rome, returned in 1852 with a number of missionaries.

The Walla Walla diocese was suppressed and that of Nesqually erected in its stead, with the same Bishop (May 31, 1850). In 1802 Archbishop Blanchet assisted at the first Plenary Council of Baltimore. In the summer of the same year the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur left their establishment at St. Paul for Oregon City, and in the following year went to California. In 1855 the Archbishop started for South America to collect for his needy diocese. He traversed Chili, Bolivia and Peru, returning in 1857 after a successful expedition. Two years later he departed for Canada, returning the same year with twelve Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary for Portland, two Sisters of St. Ann for Victoria, some others for Vancouver, and three priests.

In 1866 the Archbishop attended the second Plenary Council of Baltimore, and, ever watchful for the cares of his diocese, returned with one priest and eight sisters. On July 18, 1869, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and four months later left for Rome to assist at the Vatican Council, where he met his early brother missionaries. He returned to Portland in 1870, and on July 28 of the following year died his old associate—Bishop Demers—at Victoria, B. C. To Bishop Demers succeeded the Right Rev. Charles John Seghers, consecrated June 29, 1873. In 1878 Bishop Seghers was appointed coadjutor to Archbishop Blanchet, whose long life of arduous labor in the cause of Christ and His Church called for some assistance in his declining years.

At this time, forty years since the creation of the mission, the archdiocese of Oregon City contained twenty-three priests, twenty-two churches, sixty-eight sisters, nine academies for girls, one college for boys, two parochial schools for girls, one female hospital, one orphanage, together with a number of societies and two Indian reservations with schools and stations. The first Catholic church in Portland was erected in 1852. In 1865 the Archbishop moved from Oregon City to Portland; and this church, now considerably enlarged and improved, was made the pro-cathedral.

The Catholic population of the archdiocese in 1878 was estimated at 20,000.

There has been a slight increase in the number of churches, priests and institutions since 1878. On July 1, 1879, Archbishop Seghers, the coadjutor, arrived at Portland and was received by the venerable founder of the diocese, surrounded by his clergy and faithful flock. In a few words of touching simplicity and sweetness the aged prelate received and welcomed his youthful co-laborer to the field where he had planted and sowed and reaped so well. After initiating Archbishop Seghers into the work of the diocese, the venerable man chose wholly to retire from the scene of his active labors, and published his farewell Pastoral on the 27th day of February, 1881, announcing the acceptance by the Holy Father of his resignation, from which we make an extract:

"After sixty-two years of priesthood; after forty-three years of toilsome labor on this coast; after an episcopate of thirty-six years; after thirty-five years spent at the head of this ecclesiastical province, we may say with the Apostle St. Paul: 'The time of my dissolution is at hand; I have finished my course.' 'Let, therefore, the Lord dismiss His servant in peace, for truly my eyes have seen the wonderful works of His salvation.' We came to this country, accompanied by the late Modeste Demers, the first Bishop of Vancouver's Island; in 1838, to preach the true gospel for first time; and where then we saw nothing but 'darkness and the shadow of death,' we have now flourishing dioceses and vicariates, prosperous missions, a zealous clergy, fervent communities, and a Catholic people of whom we expect great works and noble deeds."

On Tuesday evening Archbishop Seghers returned from his episcopal visit to Eastern Oregon, and repaired to St. Vincent Hospital, where he recited the "De Profundis" and "Miserere," over the remains. Then the body of the Most Reverend deceased, robed in episcopal raiments, were placed in the coffin and borne thence to the Cathedral: The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers from the Hospital to the Cathedral: Messrs. M. Zan, L. Morgan, B. O'Hara, D. H. Murphy, P. Kenney, J. J. Meagher, W. H. Courtney and P. Gateley. The pupils of St. Mary's Academy, accompanied by the Sisters, formed a line on

each side of the street abreast of the life, the soundness of his piety, the perseverance of his virtue, we fondly hope that he will rise among the just with the resurrection of the righteous. For, it is written: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." We do not canonize him; we have no authority to do so; but we venture to say that the holiness of his life was a mystery to none, and that his edifying death gives us a guarantee of his salvation. And therefore, let me correct what I said a moment ago. Death, I said, is a great teacher. Let me be more precise and more accurate: the dead Prelate, the deceased Archbishop whom we now surround with our prayers and our sighs of emotion, "he" is a great teacher: as he taught us, when living, so now he teaches us in his death. "Defunctus ad huc loquitur," says Saint Paul: He is dead, but he continues to speak and to teach.

But here, beloved brethren, you will allow me to interrupt myself. What he has taught us, what he still teaches, how he has edified us during life, how he still edifies us in his death, I wish to state, to declare and to explain to-morrow if God Almighty gives me strength and grace. To-day I content myself with soliciting your prayers, on his behalf. You must pray, pray for him, pray for the repose of his soul. You, beloved members of this congregation, who edify us by your piety, your regularity in the fulfilment of your Christian duties, your respectful devotion to your clergy, you have been his friends during his lifetime; he also his friend after his death. Do not imagine that, because he was a saintly Prelate, he is in no need of your prayers: the designs of God are inscrutable and the ways of His justice are unsearchable. The immortal soul of the deceased venerable Apostle of this coast may yet be detained in the dungeons of Purgatory, subject to the fiery ordeal which human imperfection and human weakness deserves in the presence of the awful sanctity of God. Therefore, pray for

Archbishop Segher's First Discourse.

We are passing through a time of emotion and great impressiveness. Surrounded by drapery of mourning, with the plaintive dirges of the liturgy of the Church still ringing in our ears, with the venerable remains of the late Pioneer of the Cross on this coast before our eyes, we cannot possibly escape the lasting impression the present solemn occasion is calculated to make on our minds. Can that impression be anything but wholesome and salutary? No: Death is a great teacher; Death is a teacher of life, he teaches us how to live well, how to die well, how to obtain eternal life through a holy death. I would be using language too abstract and figurative were it not that I have before me the lifeless frame of him whom we once venerated as our Archbishop. Lifeless, aye, but not dead forever: like Lazarus, "he sleepeth," after some years of sleep he will rise; he will rise on the last day; and knowing as we do the integrity of his

life, the soundness of his piety, the perseverance of his virtue, we fondly hope that he will rise among the just with the resurrection of the righteous. For, it is written: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." We do not canonize him; we have no authority to do so; but we venture to say that the holiness of his life was a mystery to none, and that his edifying death gives us a guarantee of his salvation. And therefore, let me correct what I said a moment ago. Death, I said, is a great teacher. Let me be more precise and more accurate: the dead Prelate, the deceased Archbishop whom we now surround with our prayers and our sighs of emotion, "he" is a great teacher: as he taught us, when living, so now he teaches us in his death. "Defunctus ad huc loquitur," says Saint Paul: He is dead, but he continues to speak and to teach.

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him: he has labored for your sake; do now something for him in return and offer on his behalf your prayers and good works.

And you, if there are any in this church, lukewarm men of doubtful Catholicity, who neglect your duties, and are ever ready to "boycott" priest, bishop or Pope if they do not submit to your arbitrary dictation; you have been, I know it, the objects of his uneasiness and the causes of much of his sorrow and sadness in the past. Behold, he is now here before you: as he died, so you will die also. Blessed will you be if, like him, you can die in the Lord. On this day of mournful solemnity, you have also a solemn duty to perform: fall on your knees, humble your proud heads before his lifeless remains and repair now the evil you have done in the past; repair it, I say, by fervently and sincerely praying for his soul. May God forgive you as he, God's representative, ever forgave you, and continues still, I am sure, to forgive you!

With clouds of incense the prayers of five absolutions will now rise towards Heaven. Let us all join our prayers, beloved brethren; there is a holy violence done to God by prayers that are public and common. Tertullian uses an energetic expression to characterize prayers that are public and common: "Quasi manu facta;" they are like a holy uprising, a pious insurrection to force, as it were, from God through the power of the multitude what we are afraid of being unable to obtain by individual exertion. Pray with us, whilst we pray in your name."

After Mass, and in the evening after the office of the dead had been recited, the immense congregation passed before the remains, viewing for the last time the venerable and saintly appearing features of the deceased patriarch.

On Thursday morning Pontifical High Mass was offered up at 8 o'clock for the repose of the soul of our pioneer de-

ceased Archbishop, Right Rev. A. Jungers, Bishop of Nesqually, celebrant; Rev. J. F. Fierens, assistant priest; Father Schram, of Vancouver, deacon; Father Metayer, of St. Mary's Convent, sub-deacon; Father Orth, master of ceremonies.

The cathedral was thronged with an attentive and reverential congregation. At this Mass, Archbishop Chas. J. Seghers, feelingly delivered the following able panegyric:

Archbishop Segher's Funeral Sermon.

"Memento Prepositorum vestrorum qui vobis locuti sunt verbum Dei. Remember your prelates who have spoken to you the word of God."—(Heb. XIII. 7.)"

Eliseus, the Prophet of Israel, was told by the sons of the prophets that were at Bethel: "Dost thou know that this day the Lord will take away thy master, Elias, from thee?" And he answered: "I also know it, hold your peace." And the sons of the prophets that were at Jericho came also to Eliseus and repeated the same question: "Dost thou know that this day the Lord will take away thy master from thee?" And he answered again: "I also know it, hold your peace." Does it not seem to you, beloved brethren, that the Holy Prophet Eliseus, by enjoining silence on the prophets' pupils, endeavored to banish from his mind the awful thought of a final separation from his beloved master? Does it not seem to you that, by removing that thought from his mind, he tried to lull himself with the impossible delusion of staving off the event he dreaded so much? And we also, when we saw the emaciated frame of our former pastor gradually grow weaker and weaker; when we saw the flickering candle of his life dwindle in size and de-

crease in brightness, to those who said: "His days are numbered," we were tempted to say: "Hold your peace," and we fondly chased from our thoughts the idea of the approaching reality. But alas! It is a reality, and he has gone from our midst, and what we have now before us is but the mortal clay, a moment ago the dwelling of his holy spirit. His eyes, once so watchful over the flock entrusted to his care, are closed from the light of day; his lips, ever so ready to announce the word of God, are shut and dumb; his hand, that used to wield the pen with such incredible and indefatigable activity, is cold and motionless; his feet, that used to carry him from his cell to the sanctuary, and from the sanctuary to his cell, his feet are stiff and move no more. We shall see him no more stooping over the altar, walking to and fro with wavering and uncertain step, and offering the Immaculate Lamb with trembling hands.

His life was a continual, an incessant cause of edification; but, alas! it had come to an end. Do you realize it, beloved brethren? He is the Apostle of this coast, the foundation of this mission, the corner stone of this church, the seed that was sown here and grew into a large, lofty tree, was sown by his hand; to him, under God, we owe the flourishing condition of Christianity in this country; and he is dead! He is dead, and the Lord has deigned to call me to take his place. Forty-five years ago, he left his native country with another apostolic man, Modeste Demers, the first Bishop of Vancouver Island, whose zeal drove him into the wilds of British Columbia, long, long before the influx of the white population. He

died after a long, laborious career and the Lord willed that I, unworthy, took his place. The first Archbishop of Oregon, whom he so faithfully accompanied, has also departed this life, and I, unworthy, am again called to replace him also. Where, when, and how have I deserved to succeed those two first apostles of this coast? And how shall I find light, strength and grace to walk in their footsteps and to continue the labors they have commenced? But be not afraid, beloved brethren, I am not going to speak to you about myself; if I have permitted myself this slight allusion to my own person, it is merely to explain to you, why, although incompetent to do justice to the subject, I could not conscientiously shrink from the task of speaking to you to-day of the illustrious deceased whom we lament and bewail. Let me tell you how he lived and how he died. I, or rather he, will teach you how to live and how to die.

It is written: "Ante mortem ne laudes quemquam"—"Praise none before their death."—(Ecclesiastic. XI., 30.) What we were not allowed to do before, we are permitted to do now, and you will all bear witness to the truth of my words when I resolutely tell you that, in his life, in his death, we find much to praise. Ah! let us praise him! Let us be proud to be allowed to praise him! Do you know, beloved brethren, that a time will come when the name of Archbishop Blanchet will be coupled with those of Las Casas, the first missionary of Central America, of Marquette and Brebeuf, the pioneers of the Cross in Canada and the States of the Atlantic?

Why? Because he was the first missionary, the Apostle of Oregon; he is to Oregon what St. Boniface was to Germany, what St. Augustine was to England, what St. Patrick was to Ireland! And believe me, our children will envy us the blessing of having seen him, of having conversed with him, of having listened to his voice.

I might, with very good reason, speak of his piety, extol his sobriety, describe the invariable regularity of his life; I might dwell on his horror of idleness, his wonderful activity and his watchful vigilance—always on the alert; I might find much to praise in his great humility, in his unwavering faith, in his constant confidence in God. But, leaving all that aside, to which, for want of time, I can make but a passing allusion, I will single out those qualities that shone in him with incomparable light, to which all that knew him can bear testimony, and which none can be found to call in question: his chastity, his poverty and his wonderful perseverance.

1. The particulars of his career are known to all. He was born in the village of St. Peter, on the River of the South, in the Province and diocese of Quebec, in Canada, on the third day of September 1795. It has been said that the founders of missions, religious communities and other ecclesiastical institutions, are generally blessed with a long life. This is certainly the fact with the founder of the Ecclesiastical Province of Oregon: "Longitudine dierum replebo illum."—(Psalm XC.)—he was filled, at his death, with length of days; he died at the ripe age of eighty-seven years and nine months, having made his profession of faith and having received the

last sacraments with the most edifying devotion.

You will, I trust, permit me to forego the pleasure I would otherwise feel in dwelling on the various incidents of his long, eventful and checkered career; they have been in print many a time. Listen to what I have to say of his chastity.

Those people who talk against the celibacy of the clergy and want priests to get married, do not understand the lofty mission of the priesthood. The priest has to teach all Christian virtues, both by word and example; among those virtues is that of purity and chastity; he has to teach it, not only to married couples who are forbidden to invade the beds of others, he has also to teach it to virgins of either sex, to whom all carnal pleasure is denied. How could he teach purity to the latter, if he himself indulged in the pleasures of matrimonial life? Yes, the mission of the priest obliges him to lead on earth the life of an angel.

Away, therefore, from us the comforts of the home circle, the enjoyments of the family, the pleasures of matrimony! The sacrament of matrimony we venerate, the matrimonial state we approve; but, for the sake of our priestly mission, we renounce it, and we sacrifice the advantages enjoyed by others in order to teach by example what we preach by word of mouth.

And the saintly prelate, whose mortal frame is before our eyes, robed in all the apparel of the priesthood—for, he was truly a priest, "sacerdos," he had the priesthood in all its plenitude, not like the "presbyter" has it, restricted and limited, but like the Bishop has it, with

its power to give the Holy Ghost, with its fecundity to beget priests—that saintly priest, I ask, who shall describe the integrity of his life and the almost excessive prudence of his chastity? All, even those that were most intimate with him, can bear witness to the remarkable purity of his life. What precautions to flee from danger! What watchfulness in his dealings with persons of either sex! What lessons, counsels, recommendations given to those over whom he had to preside! The matter is delicate, facts cannot be given. But I state publicly that it was the integrity of his moral life that was ever to me an object of admiration and a constant cause of edification.

2d. In a country like this, where the love of money has reached a degree of feverish heat, nothing is more needed than the example of poverty. That example the holy man, whose loss we bewail, has given us in a remarkable, in a most striking manner. Like Job, who came naked into the world, and was willing to leave it naked, he came poor into this country and poor he leaves it. He spared no exertions to enrich his church, he was untiring in his efforts to increase the amount of ecclesiastical property; but for himself he reserved nothing, absolutely nothing; he leaves no personal effects; there was no fortune in his possession. He has put in practice that poverty of Christ which he was so fond of preaching. How he loved to speak of the crib of the poor, Divine Babe at Bethlehem! How he took delight in dwelling on the extreme poverty of the Savior of the world! He has come as near as possible to that noble example of his adorable Master. Was he not al-

ways content and ever pleased with whatever he had to cover his nakedness and to satisfy the wants of human nature, no matter how little? Fine clothing, or a good table, had no attraction for him. In all things he seemed to say: "Sat morituro;" "That is sufficient for one who has to die."

We have, beloved brethren, still extant the last will and testament of St. Remigius, the holy Bishop of Reims, the Apostle of the Franks, he who baptized Clovis, the first Christian King of that warlike and powerful nation. St. Remigius begins his will as follows: "In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Gloria Domino Amen. Ego Remigius episcopus civitatis Remorum sacerdotii compos, testamentum meum condidi." "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Glory to the Lord, Amen. I, Remigius, Bishop of the city of Reims, invested with the priesthood, have made my will." Then he proceeds: "Quandocumque ego Remigius episcopus de hac luce transiero, tu mihi hæres esto, sancta et venerabilis Ecclesia catholica urbis Remorum." "Whenever I, Remigius, Bishop, shall depart this life, be thou my heiress, O holy and venerable Catholic Church of the city of Reims." And after a few words he repeats it a second time: "Tu sancta hæres mea, Remensis Ecclesia." "Thou my holy heiress, O Church of Reims."

Such is the last will of the Apostle of Oregon—his church is his heiress; to her he leaves whatever he has; on her he bestows whatever he has accumulated. And, as he expressed it in his last farewell Pastoral, using the words of St. Ephrem, he leaves to us what he had

most valuable—that which he prized above all things—that which was dearer to him than the apple of his eye: his Catholic faith.

Receive this legacy, beloved brethren; keep it carefully; watch faithfully over it. When St. Paul was at the end of his career he wrote to Timothy and said: "Oursum consummavi." "My career is consummated." And then what does he boast of? Does he boast of wealth, popularity or human glory? No. He rejoices that he has preserved his faith: "Fidem servavi." "I have kept the faith."—(I. Tim. IV. 7). All the rest seems to him to be beneath his notice. What a blessing to die in that faith we have received from our fathers, and sucked in with the milk of our mothers! St. Paul gloried that he would die in it; the holy man whose remains are before us, died in it. He has preached it to you; he leaves it to you in all its purity—in all its integrity. O, beloved Christians, be carefully solicitous to live and die in that holy faith, without which to please God is an impossibility. "Mementote prepositorum vestrorum." Remember this Prelate of yours who hath spoken to you the word of God; considering well the end of his career, imitate his faith. (Heb. XIII. 7.).

3d. But of all the qualities that command our veneration in our deceased Archbishop, there was one which was truly remarkable, and really heroic. It is his wonderful constancy—his admirable perseverance. On the 25th of July, 1845, the Right Reverend Ignatius Bourget, then Bishop of Montreal, placed the episcopal mitre on the brow of the Apostle of Oregon. That mitre proved to be a crown of thorns. Who

will tell us the hardships, privations and physical sufferings he had to go through, when he arrived in this new country where comforts were unknown—where there were no facilities for transportation, where modern civilization had not penetrated? Who will describe the disappointments he met with, the bitter sorrows he experienced, and the groans and tears, mingled with those of Jesus, his Divine Master, of which many a one has been witness? And would to God that he had received consolation from those who had volunteered to help him to work in the Lord's vineyard! Alas, it was not so. Some were objects of uneasiness and great anxiety on his part; others caused real disedification among the people, and saddened his heart grievously; and, after the scandal they had given, they abandoned him—forsook him, left him alone to till an immense field, to which his strength was unequal. Like mercenaries and hirelings, not like true shepherds, they deserted the flocks in need of their care, and suffered him to all but give way under the almost overwhelming weight of the yoke of the episcopacy.

But he, like an oak, the solid roots of which spread deep, far and wide in the ground, whilst the storm of adversity was carrying off leaves and branches, stood firm and unmoved, bidding defiance to the tempest, placing his trust in God, ever hoping for better times; he stood persevering, unflinching, unshaken, unwavering. O, the admirable constancy of this apostolical man! I say before God, and God is my witness that it is this mantle of his constant perseverance I pray Heaven to let fall on my shoulders! Of all the qualities of his

mind and of his heart, that for which I do feel a holy envy, is his unalterable perseverance to the end. O, holy Prelate, who—I fondly hope it—art preserved from the dungeons of hell, pray for me, thy unworthy successor; and when the thorns of the episcopal tiara will pierce my brow, when the sorrows attending the ministry will draw tears from my eyes, when the disappointments of life will shake my courage, suffer not that I collapse into discouragement, but obtain for me a share in thy constancy; pray for my final perseverance. And you, Beloved Christian people, imitate his perseverance. He who does not persevere unto the end shall not be crowned. Remember your deceased Prelate; consider well the end of his conversation, of his career; that final moment will preach to you: perseverance to the end.

By his life the Pioneer of the Cross on this coast has taught us how to live piously in Christ. Let us briefly consider how he died. His death will teach us how to die well. His sickness was not long, his illness was not painful; his agony was like a peaceful slumber, and he died the calm, quiet death of the just. And yet, sometimes in moments of infirmity, he could be heard to sigh and groan involuntarily; and lest he might have disedified us he would at once apologize, beg our pardon and bless the of Gōd. Death is a tremendous evil; of all the evils to which human nature is subject, death is the greatest. I have no respect for the non-sense of some modern authors about the painlessness of the extreme moment of human life. To them there is no evil, except physical pain. But apart from physical pain, death is the loss of life—

the loss of a great blessing. It is the separation from friends and all those we love; and is it nothing to fall into the hands of the living God? Nevertheless, to a Christian, death, whether painful or not, is a great blessing, and, in the sight of the Lord, it is of great value. "*Preciosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus.*" "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints" (Ps. CXV. 15). The death of our lamented Prelate was the death of a saint. He closed a holy life with a most edifying death. And shall we say that some did not love him—that some positively disliked him? Do they forget that it is written of those who hate the just one, that they are prevaricators? "*Qui oderunt justum delinquent!*" (Ps. XXIII, 22.) Yes, they prove one thing: because he was good they prove that they were wicked. But enough of this. I conclude, "*Mementote prepositorum vestrorum.*" "Remember your Prelate." Remember him before the altar, in your prayers, in your good works. Where his soul is, now we know not. We have every reason to believe it never went into the abyss of hell. Perhaps it is now enjoying the beatific vision of the beaming beauty of the Deity. But, perhaps, it is yet detained in the dark dungeons of purgatory, to be purified from the weaknesses which, in this life, are hardly avoidable. The sanctity of God is awful; it can bear no stain of sin in its presence. We must, therefore, pray for the relief and the release of the soul of our beloved Archbishop. Yes, remember him, never forget him, and pray for him. In his long career he must necessarily have given offense and received it. Let, now, all this be obliterated.

Forgive him, for, in his last farewell Pastoral he did ask, humbly and publicly, every one's pardon. Forgive him as he also was ever ready to forgive: his lips were ever open to grant pardon and his hand was ever raised to bless. We will carry his venerable remains to their last dwelling place. On the spot of the cemetery of St. Paul where, while blessing the grave-yard, he stamped the ground and said publicly: "This is the place where I want to be buried;" on that spot he will sleep the sleep of the dead, awaiting his final resurrection. You will devoutly accompany us and pay to him the last tribute of your love, reverence and gratitude, and your prayers will long afterward rise to Heaven to ask for his soul mercy, forgiveness and eternal glory.

After Mass a line was formed of convent school children, a large delegation from the A. O. H., Emmet Guard, Father Matthew and the St. Vincent de Paul societies, and other Catholics, who escorted the remains of the deceased patriarch through the principal streets to the special train at the depot in East Portland.

When the funeral cortege had boarded the train, it started, and stopped only once to take on passengers ere it reached Woodburn, Marion county. At Oregon City other passengers were added to the escort. Reaching Woodburn, Messrs. Casey and Gleason and others, residents of that place, assisted in transferring the remains to the narrow gauge train, which was awaiting to transport the cortege to St. Paul.

Arriving at St. Paul, were found a large gathering of Catholics from neigh-

boring parishes who had joined those of St. Paul, headed by the present pioneer priest of Oregon, Father Delorme, awaiting the funeral cortege. All formed in line, headed by the societies from Portland and wended their way to the brick church. After services the remains were taken and deposited in the vault, there to await at an early day the erection of a new vault in the center of the graveyard.

At the close the Most Rev. Charles J. Seghers, D. D., addressed the people, and finished by feelingly expressing his thanks to the several societies and the Emmet Guard for the unexpected large escort they had sent to pay their last respects to their deceased pioneer Archbishop at his burial place.

At 5 o'clock in the evening the train started on its return trip and arrived at Portland about 8 o'clock. The following acted as pall-bearers from Portland to the final resting place: B. O'Hara, Thos. Whalen, E. Campion, J. J. Meagher, M. Zan, Jas. Collins, P. Gately, O. P. Martin. The following from the clergy acted as honorary pall-bearers: Rev. A. Vermesch, of St. Louis, Father White of McMinnville, Father Duffy, of Walla Walla, and Father Schram, of Vancouver. Rev. A. J. Glorieux acted as marshal, and filled that important position in an able manner.

[From the Jacksonville Sentinel.]

* * * In the month of October, 1820, Father F. N. Blanchet, was appointed to a mission in New Brunswick, which administered for six years. Among his flock Father Blanchet counted a large number of Micmack Indians, and their descendants, who, according to a recent letter, still preserve a lively remembrance of their old missionary.

Father Blanchet spent twelve years more in Canada as pastor of Ceda's parish, in the district of Montreal. His charity and heroism, during the cholera in 1832, are remembered to this day. The Protestants in the parish presented him at the time with two beautiful silver cups, as a token of their admiration for his conduct in visiting the sick and dying during the raging pestilence. His career as an American missionary began in 1838. He left Montreal on the 5th of May and reached Vancouver, W. T., on the 24th of November. The career of Archbishop Blanchet, embracing a period of nearly forty-five years in Oregon, is long and interesting. On his arrival the Catholic Church had no existence at all; he watched over its infancy, has been a constant witness of its progress and an able promoter of its advancement. The vicariate of the Northwest comprised then the entire country north of California and from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean. It was Archbishop Blanchet who built the first brick church in Oregon in 1843, amid obstacles peculiar to the time and place, and the same building still serves the people of Saint Paul, Marion county. In 1845, Rev. F. N. Blanchet was named Bishop by Pope Gregory XVI and the episcopal consecration was received in Montreal on the 25th of July same year. Returning immediately the new pastor assumed the duties of his position, which he has since filled to his own credit and to the satisfaction of his subjects. Two objects seem to have especially occupied the Bishop's attention during his long administration, viz: to provide homes for the orphans and the sick and to promote the cause of Christian education. For the attainment of these ends he has labored with a persevering energy that overcame multiplied difficulties. That his efforts have resulted in an eminent success is attested by the condition of the diocese to-day. The mission in 1838 was but a mustard seed, but the little grain was no sooner buried as it were in the earth than it quickly sprang up and

even grew into a pretty large tree, which spreads its branches far and near. For these things Archbishop Blanchet's memory will be revered in future times. "The path of the just is as the shining light."—Proverbs. X.

[T. B. Merry, in Sunday Oregonian.]

The death of Archbishop Blanchet, last Monday night, was no matter of surprise to me, for the veteran soldier of the Cross had lived well past the allotted four score of the patriarchs of old. Ordained a priest ere the smoke had scarcely blown away from the guns of Waterloo, he spent sixty years out of his eighty-five years in the wilderness. Since the great Apostle of Baptism went forth into the trackless wastes, living upon locusts and wild honey, the cause of Christianity has enrolled upon its banners no knight more loyal to the cause of the meek and lowly Nazarene. Pioneer of our civilization, standard-bearer of the eternal truth, sleep well! The advancing years of our greatness as a State shall hold the name of the patriotic priest in deep reverence. When he was born, America was but a narrow strip of land beside the rude Atlantic waves. He lived to see the great army of progress march westward, firm-paced and slew, but with irresistible force, till our nation's star-wrought banner dipped its glowing fringes in the western sea.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." His grave is not in sight of the city, which he had seen rise from obscurity to its present graceful proportions. But in his interment "the eternal fitness of things," was manifest. They lay him down, to await the resurrection morn, at the quiet little village of St. Paul, peopled nearly forty years

agh by French Canadians like himself, century ago, with slow but unfaltering most of whom have already preceded the step on his errand of love. He lies with good old Bishop across the shadowy his grand old face turned to the east-river. In the same churchyard with ward, smiling his blessings upon the his flock of nearly fifty years gone by, grand army of progress that follows in the the patriotic priest and his humble flock trail over which he bore the cross with alike repose, mingled hope, doubt and fear. Sleep on, brave heart! That God for whom thou

"Under the sod and the dew,
Awaiting the judgment day."

Over the arid and rocky plains the didst encounter suffering and toil, has brave old priest toiled, more than half a welcomed thee into His eternal rest.

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